Hell. That he haue his call vp some Gentlemen.

2. *Sayl.* Ho Gentlememen my Lord cals,

Enter two or three Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Doth your Lordship call;

Hell. Gentlemen, there is some of worth wold come aboard, I pray greet them fairely.

Enter Lysimachus.

1. *Sayl.* Sir, this is the man that can in ought you would, resolue you.

Lys. Haile reuerent sir, the Gods preserue you.

Hell And you to out-liue the age I am, and die as I would doe.

Lys. You wish me well; being on shore, honoring of *Neptunes* triumphs, seeing this goodly vessell ride before vs, I made to it, to know of whence you are.

Hell. First, what is your place?

Lys. I am the Gouernor of this place, you lie before.

Hell. Sir, our vessel's of *Tyre*, in it the King, a man, who for this three months hath not spoken to any one, nor taken sustenance, but to prolong his griefe.

Lys. Vpon what ground is this distemperance?

Hell. It would be to tedious to repeate, but the maine griefe springs from the losse of a beloued daughter and a wife.

Lys. May we not see him?

Hell. You may, but bootlesse is your sight, he will not speake to any.

Lys. Let me obtaine my wish.

Hell, Behold him this was a goodly person, till the disaster that one mortall wight droue him to this.

Lys. Sir King, all haile, the Gods preserue you, haile royall Sir.

Hell. It is in vaine, he will not speake to you.

Lord. Sir, we haue a maid in *Metaline,* I durst wager would win some words of him.

Lys. Tis well be thought, she questionlesse with her sweete harmony, and other chosen attractions, would allure and make a battne through his defended part, which now are mid-way

stopt

stopt she is all happy, as the fai
now vpon the leuie shelter tha

Hell. Sure all effectlesse, y
recoueries name. But since yo
farre, let vs beseech you, that f
on, wherein we are not destit
stalenesse.

Lys. O sir, a courtesie, whic
God for euery graffe would
our Prouince: yet once more
the cause of your Kings sorro

Hell. Sir sir, I will recount it

Enter

Lys. O heere's the Lady th
welcome faire one: Ist not a g

Hell. Shee's a gallant Lady

Lys. Shee's such a one, that
Came of a gentle kinde and no
Ide wish no better choise, and
Faire and all goodnesse that c
Expect euen heere, where is a
If that thy prosperous and art
Can draw him but to answer
Thy sacred Physicke shall rec
As thy desires can wish.

Mar. Sir, I will vse my vtte
ded, that none but I and my
come neere him.

Lys. Come, let vs leaue her
rous.

Lys. Markt he your musick

Mar. No, not lookt on vs.

Lys. See, she will speake to

Mar. Haile sir, my Lord, le

Per. Hum, ha.

Mar. I am a maid, my Lor
haue beene gazed on like a C

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22338) LONDON, 1630 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH